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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE WHITE ROSE.

Mine eyes rest on a yellow'd page,
Bedimmed the print and touched by age;
And, lying faded there,
In this lone, silent, dark repose,
Are leaves of once a white, white rose,
A rose once sweet and fair.

The faded leaves press o'er a line
As one soft wreath on love's own shrine,
O June of youthful years.
A face hangs o'er the faded leaves,
A Summer day in memory cleaves,
And memory drops a tear.

With book in hand we wandered where
The skies breathe down the softest air,
And sat 'neath velvet shade;
And love came from the far-away
And lingered near that Summer day
And o'er our spirits played.

The distant hills, like parapets,
Came on the view soft silhouettes
Of drowsy, dreamy glades.
The brook ran on o'er pebbles brown,
And wafted softest music down
O'er tiniest cascades.

The seagulls in their southward flight
Flashed silv'ry wings in golden light,
And dipped the water clear.
A sail is gliding o'er the stream,
The boatman stands with oar agleam,
A drifting gondolier.

My love, with voice so sweet and low,
And on her cheek the changing glow
Of Summer sunset skies.
Brown tresses caught the wand'ring breeze
And rose and fell, as if to please
Mine own adoring eyes.

It was a beauteous love that came—
No flashing eyes, no Orient flame,
Though passion came fleet shod.
It was the softened mystic breath,
The golden noon 'twixt birth and death—
The master touch of God.

She took the white rose; placed it here
With her own hand. Oh! mem'ry dear!
Tho' changing years have rolled
Above me, yet she lives once more;
Again we wander on the shore,
And skies are tinged with gold.

Each June I see white roses raise
Their smiling heads thro' Summer days,
Then fade away and die.
And Summer days, I watch them fade
Into the deep'ning twilight shade,
And life is drifting by.

Oh! land of souls, supernal land,
I see the white rose in her hand.
Angelic purity!
Her image wanders thro' my dreams;
She floats amid the heav'nly beams
In God's security.

The book is closed; the moon comes o'er
The open transom of the door,
And palely, softly glows
Upon my locks of silv'ry hair.
My heart gives out one silent prayer
Above the white, white rose.

Settled Out of Court

A woman stood motionless on the pavement close by the great hall of the Law Courts. She wore the shabby black of the needy, her sweet face was lined, her eyes care-haunted, her lips had the patient droop of continual disappointment.

She watched for some one, her gaze never faltered from the continuous crowd streaming from these halls of justice, which the necessities of human wrong have raised, and which are upheld by the conflict of human passions.

At the curb a carriage waited, the eager horses pawing the ground with impatient hoof. The woman pressed her hand to her heart and bent forward to get a better look at a man who crossed the pavement towards the waiting carriage. He was in his prime, he had a keen, serious face, and the prosperous appearance of one who has waged successful war with fate. He gave the word to the coachman, entered the vehicle, and was about to close the door when his eye fell upon the woman's face. Instantly he alighted and motioned her forward. She seemed to come unwillingly, impelled by the command of his eyes.

"Get in, I want to talk to you. I did not see you in court."

"What has happened?" she asked in a dull voice, her eyes only betraying the soul's tumult.

"The case has been settled out of court."

"In your favor, I suppose? Where is Walter?"

"Never mind him. He is a poor creature, not worthy your devotion, hardly your interest."

"I am the best judge of that. He is my husband; I have never forgotten it," she said, with reddening cheek.

"Nor have I. If I had permitted myself to forget it for one instant, then my forbearance must have ended."

"Your forbearance!" she cried shrilly. "But he has suffered so much at your hands."

"Reverse the positions and you will be right. Yes, I have suffered many things at his hands. Listen," he said with a sudden passion. "There were two boys born of one mother, given the same chances, prepared in precisely the same way for the reality of life. One adhered to the rules laid down, and tried to live decently and uprightly, while the other became shiftless, idle, criminal in his disregard of responsibilty. And they both loved the same woman."

"He has never cared for any one but me," she said, and there was a proud, hurt note in her voice.

"Nor have I."

"Oh, John Hardwicke, what are you saying?" she cried, and the dull red broke into flame on her cheek.

"I am speaking the truth. There are times when truth is a luxury, no less than a necessity. My time has come. For twenty years he has been a thorn in my flesh, humiliating and wounding me at every turn. I have forgiven him all for your sake."

"But you are married?"

"Yes, and she is dead. To-day I am certainly the loneliest man on the earth. Then he brought this unjust claim on Uncle Henry's money. He had his share; you best know what has been done with it. You shall have the rest, settled absolutely on yourself and your boys."

"You are generous," she murmured. "Unexpectedly so, but why?"

"You will see," he answered. "Here we are."

The carriage was drawn up before one of the tall old houses.

It was Agnes Hardwicke's first introduction to the home of her rich brother-in-law, and though she had often tried to picture it, imagination had been at fault. Quiet tones, subdued lights, an atmosphere of peace and unpretentiousness prevailed. But over all that winter day there seemed to brood a strange stillness.

"Come upstairs," he said, and she followed him up the winding way to the long corridor, where there were many closed doors. He opened one and motioned her in. She drew back with a little quiver of fear, chilled by the drawn blinds, the faint odor of white flowers.

"Oh, what is this?" she asked, trembling.

"Gladys," he answered, dully. "She died yesterday."

She stepped forward and stood a moment by the white bed. She was a beautiful child who lay there, with the halo of her gold hair about her sweet face, her lily hands folded above her quiet breast. And she was the rich man's all.

"Oh, John, forgive us," the woman cried. "We had no thought of this." And there was that in her face she could not put into words.

"It matters nothing now. Go home, and thank God for your children. She sometimes spoke of the cousins she had never seen, I am sorry now they had no chance of meeting. She was very lonely always. Perhaps—so she died."

Agnes Hardwicke covered her face with her hands, and passed weeping through the door.—*Evelyn Orchard in British Weekly.*

PREMISES FOR DUELISTS.

The French are a most ingenious people, but no more extraordinary means of earning a living has ever been proposed than that by the gentleman who dreams of becoming proprietor of a "duellodrome," or an establishment where fire eating Frenchmen may find every facility for regulating their affairs of honor.

Of recent years one place after another has become the fashion for meetings of this kind—the Ile de la Grande Jatte, the Longchamp race course, the Saint Ouen race course and the cycle track at the Parc des Princes. But these places have none of the conveniences that this ultra modern philanthropist proposes to put at the disposal of his countrymen. The "duellodrome" would supply the most up-to-date and perfect weapons, firearms and cold steel. There would be rooms for duels with pistols and others for meetings with swords. A doctor would be attached to the establishment and lint and bandages kept on hand.

The proprietor proposes of course to have a gallery running round the fighting rooms for the convenience of friends desirous of acting as spectators of the prowess of the combatants. There are also to be baths and massage rooms, whence the duelists can get their muscular system ready for the demands made on it, or repose after the heats of the combat.

Ways of Tiny Japs.

In Japan there are a lot of babies. In the daytime the streets, lined with paper sided houses, are full of them. There are so many in the streets that if you want to ride on a horse through them you have to send a fast running "Jap" ahead to clear the way. A funny thing about a little "Jap" is that when he is pushed over he does not cry. He falls down hard enough, you think, to make a hole in the street, and you listen to hear a "Loohod." For a moment you think there is to be one, but there isn't. The youngster is still a moment to collect himself and then he jumps up on his awkward little wooden shoes and runs off to play. Oddly, although the porches do not have rails around them, the babies never tumble from them.

A birthday in Japan does not mean a real birthday. Everybody has the same birthday It is New Year's day, and the boys and girls each have another birthday besides. The girls' is the third day of the third month, which would be March 3d, and the boys, the fifth day of the fifth month, which, of course, would be May 5th. The moment a blinking, almond-eyed "Jap" baby is born, he, or she, is a year old. When New Year's day comes he is two years old. Even if he was born as the bell in the temple was ringing the last stroke before midnight of New Year's eve, he would be two years old when the first stroke of New Year's day rang out on the air. Everybody has a good time on this great birthday. The fun is supposed to last two weeks.

The girls on their birthday get out their dolls. You have seen Japanese dolls with pink cheeks, queer flat eyes and a little circle of bristly, black hair glued on the back of their heads Well, they have big and little dolls like that. Some of the dolls look so much like real babies that you have to look twice to see whether they are real or make believe. The girls carry their dolls fastened on their backs, just as their mothers once carried them. Little girls and boys the world over, when they can have half a chance, like to do just as "grown-ups" do.

On the boys' birthday the air is full of strange fish, which look as if they were to swim against the wind. They are on top of poles and every boy is holding one of these up. The fish are of paper. The wind blow through them, making them wriggle back and forth, as if they were actually swimming.

The Japanese mother delights to shave the head of the little "Jap," or at least she acts as if she did. She begins to shave his head as soon as there is enough hair there to shave off. And then what a funny way she shaves him! Perhaps she will go all over his head except one spot, at the back of the neck. Here she will leave a little tuft of hair, like a small Uncle Sam's chin whisker. A little later she does with his hair what is done with some dogs and what gardeners do with some shrubs on the lawn; she tries to cut it in queer shapes, in order to see which is the most becoming. Sometimes she shaves the top and leaves the hair growing a round the edge in a ring, like a little monk. Sometimes she shaves the rim and leaves a circle on the knob of his head at the back, just as you see hair on the small Japanese dolls. And again, sometimes she will leave only a scalp-lock and two love-locks In these different ways, just as an American mother twists the hair of her little girl or boy into curls, she fusses with his hair until he goes to school, which he does when he is five or six years old.

The little girls, just as soon as they are able to do so, carry their baby brothers and sisters about on their backs. It looks funny enough to see a little girl carrying a baby almost as a large as herself on her back and playing hopscotch at the same time. You wonder how the baby stays on, if he is not heavy for the little girl to carry, and how she can bounce about so with that plump little shaver on her back And more than all, no fuss about it, for he seems to pay no attention to what his nurse is doing. He seems to staring up at the sun and in danger of becoming blind, but you look more closely and you see that not only are his eyes covered by his thick eye-lids, but he is actually asleep. His head rolls around, but he does not wake up as his nurse takes a hop.

It is surprising how many games like ours the "Japs" have. Besides hopscotch there are battledore and shuttlecock, archery, bouncing balls, tops, kites, prisoner's base, puss-in-corner, pease-pudding hot, fencing and many forfeit games. One game is quite like "Simon says 'thumbs up." It is called hana hana, which in English means nose, nose. The leader puts his first finger on his nose and says, "nose, nose, nose, eye," at the same time clapping his finger on his chin. The others who are looking at him hard probably will find their fingers on their chins too, unless they have remembered what the leader said instead of what he did.

The boys have kite battles. The strings are gummed with powdered glass. Two boys will try to cut the strings of each other's kite with powdered glass. Of course, the kite attached to the string which is first cut flies away to the owner's sorrow and the joy of his opponent. That is a much better way of fighting than some boys indulge in.

Then there is thumb wrestling Two boys sit down opposite each other and take hold of hands with their thumbs in the air. Then they press their thumbs together hard, each trying to push the other down. They also build snow forts and have snow battles in the winter time.

Every boy and girl who has seen the circus has seen the Japanese jugglers. If could go to Japan you would know why Japanese jugglers are so clever, for the Japanese boys and girls can do very clever juggling with bouncing balls and tops. They throw them up in the air and while they are going up they dance, clap their hands, pass a fan over and under the ball, catch it on the backs of their hands, and guide it around the room or along the road at will.

With tops they do wonderful tricks. They send the top up one arm, around the shoulder and down the other one into the hand. From the hand they make it jump to the edge of a sword, where it goes on spinning. They can even throw it into the air in such a way that it will come back to them again like a boomerang.

USE FANS IN BATTLE.

JAPANESE SOLDIERS CARRY BREEZE RAISERS PRESENTED BY MIKADO.

On one side soldiers fiercely fighting to the accompaniment of the rifle's deadly barking and the sullen roar of cannon. On the other side some infantry reserves rhythmically swinging dainty little fans before their noses while awaiting the summons to go into action. Such is a remarkably early morning scene in Manchuria described by Frederick Palmer, in *Collier's*.

The soldiers with the fans of course were Japs Of no other nation under the sun would such a the thing be possible. The astonishment of the Russians upon first witnessing this custom of their enemies may be imagined, but if from it they gained the impression that the little men were effeminate they have long since learned their mistake.

Mr. Palmer suggests that the cool and deliberate actions of the Japanese soldiers may be due in part to the fans they carry, which are presents from the emperor. On the them is inscribed in the handwriting of Marquis Oyama, the commander-in-chief of the army, the words. "Do your best for your country."

"On a hot day," writes Mr. Palmer from the front, "a fan may beat up a breeze in front of a soldier's nose which will save him from succumbing."

Contrasting the methods of the burly Russians with the agile little yellow men, the correspondent says:

"A Japanese general knows that any force, however small, will stay where it is placed—stay, alive or dead. One company is as much like another as peas in a pod. No special units, no rough riders, no king's own, no stiffening of weak regiments with regiments of volunteers or regulars. There is an approximate level of courage and skill. A commander may choose the unit at hand as a mechanic takes down any one of a number of equally tempered tools from a rack. If you want a Horatius at the bridge, take the nearest first sergeant.

"The Russians came to the attack with a splendid confidence —a childish, mob-like confidence. All the way across the Siberian steppes in their troop train they had been begetting this. 'When they see us big burly fellows the leather skinned makaki (dwarfs) will run fast enough. They will find that we are no colonists and reserves—we are the little father's chosen.' But the makaki know a mark when they see one, and they like to fire at a column in close order."

Mr. Palmer has found evidence of the truth of Count Tolstoi's charge that many of the Russian soldiers, having no stomach for the war, are forced into it willy nilly. Speaking of certain prisoners captured by the Japanese, he says:

"One Russian who had been found prostrate had been examined in vain for any wound. Yet it was with difficulty that he was got to walking. Apparently he had been scared stiff by his baptism of fire. When another unwounded man was asked how he happened to be taken prisoner he replied, 'I wanted to be.' When a contemptuous comment was translated to him he said: 'I have no interest in this war. I don't propose to be sacrificed'"

Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

Since the death of Edward C. Lortie, last month, the deaf have been very lonesome here, and have not congregated at their usual gathering place. His widow misses him most of all, and has only her two boys left from a family that numbered five

What has become of Miss Katie Butler, of Providence, R. I.? Can S. M. McCarthy enlighten us on the subject?

Mr. Ed. C. Rider, of Malone, N. Y., the present Superintendent of the school for the deaf there, was in Hoosick Falls recently, to obtain a pupil who moved here from Chateaugay, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin M. Taylor have moved from Beckett Street to a larger house on Johnson's Hill, just above Mrs. Lortie's home, on Rensselaer Street.

Mr. Silas Willette has been home from New York since early in September. He expects to return to his work in the shop here in a few days.

Mr. C. Z. Milliman entertained William S. Edwards, of Troy, at his home on Seward Street, recently.

Mr. and Mrs William W. Winslow, of Malone, N. Y., have my congratulations upon their marriage. Hope they will live long and be happy.

The Rev. H. Van Allen, of Utica, N. Y., was the guest of Mrs. Hattie C. Lortie and Mr. and Mrs. M. M Taylor, last week Tuesday.

Mrs. Alice Wilcox, mother of Mrs. Lortie, has just received the fortune left her by her aunt, who died in Troy last year. She has purchased the large two-family house occupied by her daughter, and after making many improvements will move upstairs.

Eddie Curtis is still in Hoosick Falls. He has done a successful business this Summer as a boot black, on the corner of Main and John Streets.

Miss Kittie O'Neal, of Johnson's Hill, is still an invalid. She was formerly a pupil of the Fordham school, but has been ill for ten years with heart trouble, and her parents were obliged to keep her at home. She never goes to visit the other deaf-mutes, who live near her home, as she has at times failing spells, and is liable to die in one of them.

BELLE.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Only one dollar a year.

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S

WEEK OF OCTOBER 31ST.

William Gillette's great military play, "Secret Service," will be the dramatic feature at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theatre next week. The production will be made with all new scenery but will closely follow the original models and will duplicate the splendid effects of the original production at the Garrick Theatre, where the play ran for an entire season. Lew Simmons and Frank H. White head the vaudeville contingent with their screaming farce, "Rats," which has been developed from one of the funniest of the old minstrel afterpieces. Another strong attraction is found in Arthur Hill and Mlle. Sylviany, who accomplish wonderful things upon bicycles. Russell and Buckley in a funny musical act, the Three Kesley Brothers in remarkable bag punching, and the Motion Pictures complete the bill.

Another smart musical novelty heads the bill at Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theatre next week, where the first presentation will be made of W. E. Burlock's new scene, "Sanka Bamba," introducing J. Francis Dooley and a company of twelve in a new burletta by Edward McWade and R. C. Lewis, for which new and catchy music has been written by Jerome D. Kern. The "Bullion Babes," an operatic organization, has been wrecked upon a South Sea Island, where they are found by a theatrical agent, who after testing their skill, rescues them for vaudeville. Special scenery and costuming will add to the effectiveness of the production, and many individual specialties will be introduced. The company includes in addition to Mr. Dooley, Ceceylle Mayer, Alice Knowlton, Mae Davis, Jessie Carr, Helen Clark, Maude Vanning, Claire Husted, Sybel Ellwood, Helene Lucas and others. S. Miller Kent takes the vaudeville plunge again with a new sketch by Byron Ongley entitled "Just Dorothy," in which he has the assistance of the author. It affords him excellent opportunity and is a decided advance over his earlier vaudeville offerings. The Barrows-Lancaster Company make the first presentation in New York of their new offering, "When Georgina was Eighteen," and Hayes and Healy have a new sketch, "The Clerk and the Bellboy," which affords them ample scope for the display of their funny ideas. Paul Nicholson, who was last with "The Country Girl," at Daly's, and Miss Norton, show a sketch with a decidedly original theme, and there will be a host of other attractions. Motion pictures.

Another gala Vaudeville Carnival has been arranged for next week at Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre, where an unusually fine bill has been assembled. These vaudeville offerings are a pleasant variant to the road combinations which furnish the major portion of the entertainments at the Fifty-eighth Street house. John C. Rice and Sally Cohen make presentation of their newest sketch by Brander Matthews entitled, "All the World Loves a Lover," in which they have been unusually successful, and as an added attraction Jessie Milward and her company appears in the clever play by J. Hartley Manners entitled "The Queen's Messenger," in which she made her debut on the Proctor Circuit last spring and in which she has gained quick recognition elsewhere. Bedine and Arthur, the funniest of all comedy jugglers have their screaming tricks in a new setting.

Following the revival of old successes at the Fifth Avenue Theatre there comes a more modern piece in "Hearts Aflame," by Genevevie Haines, which had a run at the Bijou Theatre some time ago. Orville and Frank, who present an acrobatic specialty, head the vaudeville programme They excel in what is termed "Ricley," work in which one of the performers is balanced upon the feet of the other and made to turn somersaults. "The Minstrel and the Maid" is the title assumed by two dainty Misses who present an unusually good musical specialty, and Nate Leipsig will show the latest things in sleight of hand. He is beyond question the best at this sort of work of any magician on the stage and some of his methods have puzzled even the leading lights of the craft. Richard Temple, of the "English Daisy" company, is heard in a monologue and Arthur Whitelaw has another single offering in which he adheres to the Irish types. Viola Duval, a singer, Kennedy and Kennedy, dancers, and the Motion Pictures all afford a share of the amusement.

BUFFALO.

Rev. J. C. Smielau failed to appear on the 16th inst. There were about twenty deaf people awaiting him in Trinity Chapel, and they are now wondering what the matter was with him.

Miss M. Hutchinson, of Toronto, Canada, recently availed herself of another visit to this city; this time longer than usual. She spent six days with her friends here.

Mr. William MacKay has left for Canada again, but it is said on good authority that he will return in November.

On Oct. 19th, Miss M. A. Carroll, being noted for a good entertainer, guided Miss Hutchinson, of Canada, and Mr. Bromwich, of Silver Creek, N. Y., to Le Couteulx School for the Deaf, and there they were shown all over the class-rooms.

Misses Carroll, Hutchinson and MacPhail, and Mr. MacKay, went to the famous Larkin Soap Co , on the 8th inst., and were exceedingly pleased with what they saw there. It is worth a good deal for anyone to visit this factory—a day spent there is one of extreme interest, as well as of instruction.

Next, they visited the State Asylum for the Insane, and saw Miss Austin, once a pupil in Fanwood School, New York City. She was taken there about a year ago last summer.

Mr. David Cohen, of Erie, Pa., was in Buffalo during the first week of this month. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Weil, Misses Lesher, Carroll, Hutchinson and MacPhail, and Messrs. Moynihan and MacKay, were invited to meet Mr. Cohen, who, in turn, entertained them all with his interesting exhibition. It is of the general opinion that he does his magic tricks remarkably well, and he is almost as good as any first-class magician.

On the 9th inst., Miss Carroll entertained a few of her numerous friends, at her home, quietly, on account of mourning in the family. The invited guests were Misses Belmont, Hutchinson, and MacPhail, and Mr. and Mrs. Weil, and Messrs. Cohen, Moynihan, Bromwich, Daley, and MacKay.

The Clerc Society held its first meeting on the 14th inst., since its adjournment last June, and as the attendance was far below the average, it was agreed to postpone the election of officers for the coming year, till the 28th inst. It is earnestly hoped that a *full* attendance will be had for this purpose.

De Sales Literary Society is going to give a Hallowe'en Party, on the 31st inst. Any one intending to attend it, may anticipate a good time.

Last Friday evening saw a good-sized crowd at Le Couteulx School, attending Mr. J. F. Donnelly's lecture, concerning his trip to St. Louis, and other Catholic interests.

Recently, Mr and Mrs. A. E. Volker were presented with another girl baby. Congratulations.

A. L. MACP.

CHURCH NOTICES.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY, OCTOBER 30TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, N. Y., 3 P.M.
Parish House of St. Ann's Church, St. Ann's Ave., and 140th St., Bronx, 8 P.M.

Bible Class in St. Ann's Guild Room, 2:30 P.M.

All Saints' Day, Tuesday, November 1st, 8 P.M., Memorial Service in St. Ann's Church, N. Y., with addresses in memory of departed friends of the deaf, and recitation of hymns by the choir.

Social postponed to Nov. 22d.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 27, 1904.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 16ad Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

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Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Helen Keller at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, MO., October 19.—The desire of World's Fair visitors to catch a glimpse of Helen Keller, the wonderful blind and deaf girl, who has accomplished tasks in an educational way and over obstacles that heretofore have seemed unsurmountable, caused a record-breaking crowd to assemble in the Hall of Congress this morning, and the quadrangles in front of it. Miss Keller is the only person in whose honor a special day of the Fair is designated.

When Miss Keller and her party arrived, a few minutes before 10 o'clock, it was impossible for her to pass through the crowds that packed the entrance to the building. A platform was improvised and one of the windows of Congress Hall was removed and the platform placed upon it. Through this opening Miss Keller and her party were compelled to enter.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, of Washington, presided over the meeting. In introducing Miss Keller, he said she was undoubtedly the greatest woman in the world with her handicap, and she had accomplished more in the 23 years of her existence than most women do in their entire lives. He outlined Miss Keller's life from the time she was born to the present time.

PERFECTLY AT EASE.

When Miss Keller stepped forward she was greeted with vociferous applause. She smiled at the enthusiasm of her audience, and graciously acknowledged the compliment. Her manner was perfectly easy, and she looked at people before her as though she could see them perfectly. Her voice was low, but she spoke very slowly, and those near her could hear every word she uttered. Those who were beyond the range of her voice could understand her words by watching the movement of her lips, but President Francis repeated after her so all could hear every word of her address. She said:

"I have been asked to come here to-day and lend my voice to what is being done in the world for the uplifting of those who struggle in unequal and untoward circumstances. All these great halls of machinery and art are the achievement of the strength of man when his arm is free and his spirit unbound. In the midst of so much mighty achievement it is gratifying to know that man has not forgotten his weaker brother.

"I have come, not for aught that I have done, but for what has been done to me to raise me to the level of those who see and hear. I testify to what the good and strong have done for deprivation and infirmity. I enter with you into communion of living speech and for the joy of speech I express my heartfelt gratitude that the impediment of dumbness has been removed from my tongue. Such is my brief but earnest message to those who have asked me to come and to those who sit before me.

A WORLD'S UNIVERSITY.

"Now I say what seems to me to be the message of the Exposition to all people: The Exposition is a great manifestation of all the forces of enlightenment where man's thousand torches burn together. The value of everything here and of everything anywhere is educational. The Exposition is what its distinguished founder intended it to be—a world's university. Here the spirit of civilization stands forth, illumining and enlightening those who walk in darkness and silence. The service of man to man shines all the brighter through those circumscribed individuals.

"All these great halls tell me the world is on our side. The forces there displayed hold up my hands and support my weakness. Science, nature and art say to me: 'Thou art deaf and blind; but enter thou, too, into the kingdom of God.' God bless the nation that provides education for all her children."

Miss Keller attended a reception at 4 o'clock in the dormitory building, given by the deaf pupils, who are attending the Exposition. At this reception Miss Keller and Miss Lottie Sullivan, who has attracted much attention since she came to the Exposition, were the guests of honor.

Another reception was given in the Missouri Building at 7:30 o'clock this evening, at which Miss Keller was the guest of honor.

BROOKLYN.

The "hustlers" who compose the entertainment committee of the Brooklyn Guild have at last awoke from their nap of several months' duration. This was shown last Thursday evening, when through its efforts, Mr. C. Q. Mann took the rostrum at St. Mark's Chapel, and delivered a most stirring lecture, his subject being founded upon Bulwer Lytton's famous story, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

The way Mr. Mann handled his subject was a revelation, and the dramatic effect of his sign delivery was magnificent, and at times thrilling. For two hours every eye watched his movements with intensity that was highly complimentary to the lecturer, and when he concluded, round after round of applause greeted him. That he was pleased that his efforts were appreciated, his blushes and smiling face plainly showed, and his wife who was in the audience gave similar tokens of joy at the success scored by her husband.

Notice of coming events was then given, and after a few words of commendation a most pleasant entertainment came to a close,

Among the many present at this lecture were Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Juhring, Madames Callen, Rodrigo, C. Nebel, Mann, Knox; Misses Baummann, Anderson, McKenzie, Hicks. Messrs. G. L. Reynolds, H. Conlon, Litchfield, W. H. Farnham, O'Gray, W. A. Moore, A. G. Smith, Ryan, Peterson, H. Beck, Levy, Sanford, Gloistein and others.

NOTES.

This is probably the last communication that "G" will write to the JOURNAL, as a member of the Brooklyn Guild, if he is a such, for be it known to the world, that at a recent meeting of the organization, a law was enacted making it a high crime and misdemeanor FOR MEMBERS to report its proceeding for any newspaper whatever. And be it further known the penalty for disregarding this law is instant expulsion. The author of this strenuous law is Alexander McIlwraith, a man who is noted for his high mental and moral attainments, and who is destined to become famous.

After the service at St. Mark's last Sunday, Dr. Chamberlain baptised the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green. The youngster now bears the name of his illustrious papa.

The writer is requested, in justice to all concerned, to state that Mr. G. L. Reynolds, about three years ago, as president of the Brooklyn Guild, appointed the committee which drafted its new constitution and by-laws. Beyond that, Mr. Reynolds had no hand in preparing that document. All the credit for so doing belongs to Mr. John Wilkinson and his associates on the committee. "Honor to whom honor is due."

The Brooklyn Guild was organized about ten years ago. It came into existence under the direction of the late Dr. Gallaudet and the Rev. John Chamberlain, and the individual who carried out their will is still a member of the organization.

The principal object of the Brooklyn Guild is to afford temporary financial assistance to the deaf who are in urgent need, and to lend a helping hand whenever such is necessary. To secure funds to carry out this object, lectures and entertainments of various kinds are held at St. Mark's Chapel. To attend these and also its business meetings an admission fee is exacted. This last makes the meetings open ones, and its proceedings are legitimate subjects for newspaper articles. The attempt to 'muzzle the press" by making it unlawful for its members to write up its meetings, which they do as individuals, is not only a very big undertaking, but one, if carried into effect, that is apt to make the Brooklyn Guild very ridiculous.

Writers for newspapers of the deaf are but human and make mistakes. It is doubtful whether any do so intentionally. They may rave and criticize what has or should be done, and nine out of every ten do so with the hope that good will come from their action. Thus, a man who seeks office in an organization like the Brooklyn Guild, is to some extent a public character. His past acts and his mental and moral fitness for the office are subjects for exultation or criticism by the newspapers, while at the same time his private character is held sacred. He, who objects to such fire from the press, is doubtless unfit for the office which he may occupy or seek Even as an individual member he generally secures more notice than his mental make-up entitles him to. In all organizations there must be leaders. These should be members for whose mental and moral shortcomings excuses would not have to be constantly sought. Any other will, sooner or later, bring the organization into disrepute, and once this happens, well it will never bring glory or honor upon the deaf.

G.

Greensburg, Pa.

John F. V. Ling moved his family to Youngwood from Clairton, in the latter past of August last, where they expect to make their permanent residence, and where he has set up a barbering business. His business, so far as we observe, is getting on finely.

Our young friend, Philip Gittens, of South Greensburg, has returned from an important mission to Bolivar. He gently whispers to our ear that he expects to become a benedict on Thanksgiving Day. He likewise requests us to attend his prospective marriage and write it up for the JOURNAL, which we shall do with pleasure. His bride-elect, Miss Mary A. Johns, residing at Bolivar, is apparently an intelligent, pretty young brunette, and heretofore attended the Edgewood School.

Messrs. Joseph W. Atcheson, of East End, Pittsburg, and his bosom friend, "Rex," spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stout, at Connellsville, the well known coke city, in a quiet but pleasant manner. In common with Mr. Stout, we took a stroll through the thoroughfares of the city, and stopped at the marble works of Mr. Palmer. After being introduced to him, we continued our walk. We happened to meet Dr. Albert Woods, who came out of the house of his brother. The latter asked us to come to the porch of the residence, which we did and we had a pleasant finger chat. Although Messrs. Woods and Palmer never went to a school for the education of the deaf, they can talk by means of the manual alphabet, as intelligently as any one. They, too, understand the movement of the lips quite thoroughly. They hold lucrative positions, respectively, and have families dependent upon them for support. Mr. Woods told us that he felt very lonesome because his estimable better-half and baby went out to her former home, to see her parents. Returning to Mr. Stout's for dinner we bade adieu to the gentlemen, and hoped that we would at no distant day meet them once more. Toward evening we took a trolley ride for Greensburg, about twenty-two miles on the Pittsburg, McKeesport and Connellsville street railway. We very much enjoyed a quick, though delightful trip, and took a good view of the country. On arriving at our destination we went to the railroad station, where "Rex" saw his friend off for his home. Mr. Atcheson said that he enjoyed the trip very much.

James Flanigan, a stalwart one-armed deaf-mute, hailing from Minnesota, "did" Greensburg a few weeks since, asking several of our silent citizens for boodle. He asked us if we knew Messrs. James Smith, Spear, Roberts, Kelly, etc. Oh, yes! we knew all of them when we were students at Gallaudet College. He further said that he knew Luther Taylor, the famous mute pitcher of the New York Club. We will remember that the zealous Columbus correspondent, "A. B. G.," mentioned something wrong about the fellow in question in the JOURNAL some time ago. We therefore fixed our watchful eye upon his movements Should the fellow ever appear in the city, he will beyond question be accorded a cool reception. He is described as man of strong proportions, and an athlete of fine physique, having played with several baseball clubs for a number of years.

Word from Braddock was to the effect that James Friend, youngest son of Mr. Wm. Friend, of that town was struck and instantly killed by a fast passenger train on Monday morning, the 17th inst., while going to work. We were terribly shocked as well as very sorry to learn of his tragic taking-off. His death was doubtless a severe blow to the bereaved father and brother. We extend to our good friend our most heartfelt sorrow in this, their hour of great affliction. We very much regretted our inability to attend the funeral. The writer has known Jim from childhood, and always considered him a bright boy. Witty jolly, fun-loving, genial and cheerful, he was deservedly popular with all who knew him. He would truly have entered Gallaudet College two years ago, but several of his friends informed him that it was not worth while to attend it, so he had to give it up for the time being. It will be well remembered that his dear mother died about two years ago, and was a general favorite among the deaf as well as the hearing, for her excellent qualities of head and heart. It is to be hoped that some one who attended the funeral will, if possible, give an account of the death of our poor Jim, for the JOURNAL. It was a very sad ending for one so young in life, and so bright in mind.

"REX."

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Creditable Game with George Washington University.

SCORE WAS 7 TO 0.

News of the Week.

From our Regular Correspondent.

KENDALL GREEN, WASHINGTON, D. C., October 22.—The game between George Washington University—formerly Columbian—and Gallaudet resulted in a defeat for our team. But it was an honorable defeat and one which carried along with it no bitterness, no sense of having been unfairly dealt with. The game was very exciting and the result was in doubt until close to the end. Washington managed by the hardest kind of work, to score a single touchdown in the second half and this, together with a safety in the first period, made their score seven points to our nothing. Most of Washington's ground was gained on long runs and rushes through our left wing. Our right wing was very strong and proved itself almost impregnable to the assaults of the Washingtonians. Robertson was as quick as a flash in getting through, and on several occasions nailed the man with the ball before he could start. Mikesell showed up strongly on both offense and defense. Meunier made some good gains with the ball, once making a twenty yard run. Back of the line Earl Mather played his first game for Gallaudet, and did fine work, considering this fact. On at least one occasion he saved a touchdown, and several times downed the Washington back after he had got well around the end. He is very green, of course, and so his two fumbles were partly excusable. He may be expected to show up well hereafter. Both Robertson and Kutzleb did good work in advancing the ball, and Robertson's defensive stunts have already been mentioned. Erd played his position with his usual coolness and nerve. In fact, the whole team deserves praise for its game stand against their heavy opponents, who, under the coaching of Rorke, Georgetown's old guard, have improved greatly over former years in respect to teamwork and speed. Washington's average weight was 170 pounds, as against 147 for Gallaudet.

The game began at 4:30, West kicking off for George Washington, the ball being held on Gallaudet's seven yard line. Mikesell made four yards, and Kutzleb added two more for the down. Meunier made another yard, followed by Robertson for five through tackle. Reichard made three yards, to which Garrett added one and Kutzleb two. Mikesell made his length through the other tackle. Meunier came up to the scratch with a pretty run around left end for twenty yards. Reichard got three yards, Kutzleb made five, and Robertson four, landing the ball at the middle of the field. Here G. W. U. held for downs and obtained the ball. They started off with a rush, Winston making twelve yards around his right end. On the next play, a double pass fooled Gallaudet completely, and Stevenson carried the ball to the three yard line before he was downed by Erd. A touchdown seemed certain, but Gallaudet held for two downs, and on the third, West fumbled, Dusch getting the ball. Meunier went back of the goal line to punt the ball out of danger, but the pass went over his head, just grazing his fingers, and the best he could do was to fall on it, making a safety, or two points for G. W. U. The ball was brought out, and Meunier punted out to Washington's forty-five yard line. On the next play, the Washington runner was thrown back for a five yard loss which could not be made up, so West punted The punt was a miserable effort, and Gallaudet had the ball in the middle of the field. Gallaudet in her turn was forced to kick. Washington made three yards, then fumbled, and Gallaudet had the ball on her opponent's thirty yard line. Kutzleb and Garrett made it first down, then Erd was thrown back three yards. As Meunier could only get back three, and it was then third down with five yards to make, Mikesell dropped back to try for a placement goal, though with faint hope of success, as the angle was difficult. Goal failed. George Washington now kicked out and, securing the ball on a fumble, made eighteen yards in six rushes, then time was called for the first half, with the score, Washington 2, Gallaudet 0.

In the second half Meunier kicked off to George Washington's twenty yard line. A couple of long runs sandwiched in between shorter gains, took the ball to our fifty yard line. Here Steenerson, G. W. U's quarterback, finding no one at hand to receive the ball, undertook to carry it himself without going out the required five yards, thereby bringing down on his team a penalty of fifteen yards. Being unable to make up this loss, Washington punted. After a couple of trifling gains, Meunier kicked to the middle of the field. Washington tore off twelve yards, was thrown back three, made up this loss with five yards to spare. In two more trials another first down was made, then Gallaudet braced and threw the Washingtonian's back five yards. An unavailing effort to make the down followed, and it was Gallaudet's ball on her thirty yard line. Reichard made three yards, then Meunier punted to his opponent's forty-yard line. Two runs for fifteen and twenty-five yards with a couple of five yard gains in between, carried the ball down again to Gallaudet's twelve yard line. Here Gallaudet again braced and twice threw her opponents back for a loss, so Washington attempted a drop kick for goal, but failed. Meunier kicked out to the fifty-yard line. From this point Washington took the ball over, making most of her gains through our left wing. Goal being missed, the score stood Washington 7, Gallaudet 0. It was now dark, and the spectators were quite unable to see the plays. George Washington kicked off and gained the ball on a fumble. Carrying it down the field in the gathering darkness, the Washingtonians had it on Gallaudet's five yard line, where our fellows made a last stand, and then time was called. The line-up was as follows:

GALLAUDET		GEO. WASH'N.
Reichard	L. E.	Van Vliet
Garrett	L. T.	Law
Williams	L. G.	Morris
Dusch	C.	Wood
Chandler	R. G.	Kilgore
Mikesell	R. T.	Fields
Meunier	R. E.	W. West
Erd	Q. B.	Steenerson
Kutzleb	L. H. B.	Winston (Kirkman)
Robertson	R. H. B.	Stevenson
Mather (Messner)	F. B.	T. West

Touch down—Kirkman. Referee, Mr. Neilsen, University of Nebraska; Umpire, Mr. Husted. Time keepers, Cooley, of Gallaudet and Albert, of G. W. U. Time of halves 15 and 20 minutes.

It was a very clean game, and one unmarred by a single wrangle over decisions, as both the officials were competent and impartial. Our chief fault was again high tackling. There was also a lack of team work in the interference, of the backs on end plays. Still, as it was, Gallaudet put up a fine, plucky game and gave a big surprise to the heavy and supremely confident Washingtonians, who had beautifully touted themselves in the papers before the game, and who had anticipated no difficulty in running up a large score. Throughout the progress of the game exclamations of disgust were to be heard on all sides from the rooters who beheld their big, beefy representatives contending on barely even terms with their smaller and lighter opponents.

On Saturday night Dr. Gallaudet and Dr. Fay returned from St. Louis where they had been attending the annual Conference of Superintendents and Principals of Schools for the Deaf. On the following day, in chapel, Dr. Gallaudet delivered to the students the messages of kind regards with which he had been entrusted by the Superinendents of those State schools which have graduates in attendance here. These regards were warmly appreciated and fully reciprocated, we may be sure.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Fay and little Ellen are no longer dwellers in our halls, having moved into a house on Seventh Street; a short distance from the Green. On best wishes attend them there.

The approaching Presidential election has cast its shadow before and a piece of it is projected on the Green in the shape of hot controversies between Mikesell, the only Democrat in the class of 1906, and most of his fellow students. Mike comes pretty close to being an "Ishmael of debate."

Mr. Salo Cohn, director of a school for the Deaf in Vienna, was a visitor here during the week, together with his son, who is a resident of Washington.

The engagement is announced of Miss Constance Draper, the daughter of our Professor, to Mr. Jay Cooke Howard, of the class of '95.

Goldonofsky, I. C., was the lucky winner in a raffle lately, held for a large box of chocolate peppermints. When it was found that a duck had drawn the lucky number, then indeed there was gnashing of teeth among the upper classmen. It is up to you, ducky, to pass those peppies around.

On Friday, Misses Willman, Ren, and Smrha, all of 1908, spent a social evening with Mr. and Mrs. Peck, of 41 Bates Street.

Miss Burow, I. C., beheld her first real foot-ball game last Saturday, in that unforgettable and disreputable contest wherein the University of Maryland and our fellows displayed their pugilistic powers and lavished revilements on the officials and each other. Ask her what were her impressions of the noble game and its players.

The ducks and green freshmen on the co-eds' side were on last Friday evening invited to ascend to starry heights and thus become full fledged members of the G. C. C., whatever that is.

Miss Dickson, '07, has gotten a wheel and frequently enjoys a long spin in the company of Dr. Hotchkiss.

The date of the Hallowe'en party annually given by the Jollity Club has been postponed till a week or two later than the intended time.

E. ROWSE, '06.

PITTSBURG, PA.

The Pittsburg Branch of the P. S. A. D. has been napping, so it has been said, due to the fact that nothing has been mentioned in the JOURNAL about its doings. Napping, eh! who says so? Is this the first time we are accused of idleness? All because we were not heard of through the paper? If so, did the ensuing report confirm the accusation? Is it not likely to be so this time?

A business meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. Building, with Mr. Reinhart Fritzges as presiding officer. At this meeting was transacted one act that will ever afterwards prove a very wise move—the determination of leasing a hall where we can feel at home; where we can weigh important questions with more consideration; where we will not be obliged to hurry, which had hitherto been characteristic of almost all of our meetings; where harmony will prevail and make itself manifested, the nearest to the secret of success.

The selection of the hall was left to a committee which had been previously appointed, of which Mr. John M. Rolshouse was chairman. Mr. Rolshouse, upon being called to give a report, stated that several places that would prove advantageous to the deaf were sought, but pecuniary matters permitted him to select the hall just vacated by the Knights of Pythias, in the Arnfield Building, on Penn Avenue, only a few blocks from Union Station. Mr. Rolshouse stated he had accepted the place at $2.50 per meeting, because it was the smallest rent charged, and that he considered it worth leasing. This action was unanimously approved. So now we have a place where every one will know that it is the only place to attend for a year, once every month on the first Saturday of each, at 7:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified.

After this came Donation Day. All sorts of eatables are sent to the Home then, but at this meeting all agreed to contribute a certain sum of money which is to be sent to Doylestown Home to purchase a barrel of sugar, as a donation from the Pittsburg Branch.

After other business had been duly transacted and after adjournment, most strolled down Penn Avenue, to Arnfield Building, where the hall we had just leased was inspected. Such a spacious hall with plenty of chairs all around greeted our eyes. Every one was perfectly satisfied, so Mr. Rolshouse did not waste a pair of soles for nothing. Thanks, Johnnie. Rev. Smielau will have the honor of being the first to lecture in Arnfield Hall, on October 29th (Saturday evening.)

Mr. J. M. Rolshouse seems to be so well known that he is found in company with the deaf living miles away from Smoky City. Last week he entertained Mr. Wideman, of Greensburg, and saw Mr. Rosensteel, of Ebensburg, Pa., off for St. Louis. Johnnie, who next?

The Pittsburg Branch of the P. S. A. D. is to have a grand bazaar on the 8th and 9th of December. All seem to be enthusiastic in making it a success, and though we are small in proportion to those of Philadelphia, we are looking to the time, not far off, when we can say Philadelphia Branch is not in it. More about the bazaar? No, not now, wait a little longer until the proper time comes, then the names of the committee upon whom depends the success of the bazaar, will be given.

* * * * *

The deaf community of Pittsburg and vicinity received a shock, a piece of sad news, which they could not for a moment realize—the sudden death of James N. Friend, brother of John Friend, ex-'04. James, popularly called "Sunny Jim," was approaching his twentieth year, was employed as a machinist by the American Steel & Wire Co., of the U. S. Steel Corporation.

Monday morning was so foggy that he could not either hear (he could hear a little) nor see the rapidly approaching Westinghouse Special, which struck him on the back of the head, breaking his neck. This occurred at 6:30 P.M. Death was instantaneous. After the train passed a fellow workman happened to come that way, and found James lying near the spot where he was struck. His hat was not a bit torn or damaged, neither was his dinner pail. Fortunately, he was not mangled, only a bad cut in the head and dislocation of the right shoulder. He was taken to the Braddock Station, and from there to an undertaker's establishment.

John worked all Sunday night, and was on his way home when he was accosted by James' boss, who asked him if he had seen his brother. John gave a negative reply, at the same time realizing that something had gone wrong. The boss said James got hurt, and took him to the station, where he recognized James lying with a smile on his face as if sleeping. John hurried home, where in the yard he saw his father feeding James' pigeons. John asked him if he was well enough to hear any kind of news. Being assured he was so, he was told the terrible fate that befell James. MRS. John Friend was told the same, but could not believe it, for scarcely ten minutes ago he was teasing her and making her laugh. Could it be so; she could not believe it.

At two o'clock that afternoon the remains were taken home and left there till burial, which took place Wednesday afternoon, at 3:30 P.M.

Just one Wednesday before he was a prominent figure at the general meeting of the Bazaar Committee. He showed robust health and was as agile as ever. The following Wednesday he was buried.

Here are some facts worth mentioning.

The next day after the general meeting, he expressed his intention of going to the city, but did not. He said the same thing on Saturday but stayed home and made those about him unusually mirthful. He was unusually jovial When bed time came, he lingered behind, cleaned his desk and then retired. Sunday he called on his love, and whenever he took leave of her, he always said "Good Night," but that Sunday night, he said "Good Bye," in all probability unconsciously.

Monday morning, that fateful morning, appeared, and found him as usual happy and blithe, but unusual at the breakfast table was Mrs. John Friend, who previously felt better in getting up at 7 A.M., having been previously ill. However at this time she got up unusually early to help get James' breakfast and prepare his lunch.

When James took leave for work he usually went straight ahead, but that morning he turned around to look at his home several times and then disappeared. He took an unusual route to work which resulted in his death. Usually his boss waited for him and together they strolled to work, but that morning the boss thought James had gone, and so went on without him. James made friends wherever he went, and was welcomed everywhere. All who had known him will miss him.

D. E. M.

Deaf Woman Seeks Parents.

Separated from her parents when she was a child of 12 years, Eliza Adams, now 54 years old, has instituted a search for them and, if they are not living, for other relatives.

The woman is deaf and dumb. She is in the Louisville City Hospital, and she has been there forty-two years. Her story appears in the *Medical Journal* of this week.

In the fall of 1862, when the Federal troops were operating in the Tennessee, Eliza Adams was taken by her father and mother to a camp which had been established at Nashville by the government for refugees. In the confusion there she became separated from her parents and, having contracted scarlet fever, was sent to the Louisville City Hospital. When she recovered she was deaf and dumb, and she had forgotten her name and where she lived before she could be taught to communicate her thoughts by the sign language.

Mrs. Garey, superintendent of the hospital, adopted the child and gave her the name of Eliza Adams. Two years ago the adopted mother died, and Miss Adams is more than ever desirous of finding her relatives.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, a. 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all. The Bible Classes meet at 8 P.M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P.M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., during the year, 1904-'05, on the following Sundays:

OCT.	NOV.	DEC.	JAN.	FEB.
9	6	4	1	12
23	20	18	15	26
			29	

MAR.	APR.	MAY	JUNE
12	9	7	4
26	23	21	18

You are asked to *show* your Catholic faith by attending the Services regularly.

Sincerely yours,
REV. P. S. GILMORE.

NEW YORK.

Big Crowd Sees Basket-Ball Game.

THROUGH THE SUBWAY.

A Surprise Party—Politics—News Items.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Basket-ball made its bow before the public on Saturday evening as had been announced, and there was a large crowd on hand to send the teams off on their grind for the honors of the game.

Both games resulted rather as expected, for there were hardly any practice before hand by both the deaf-mute teams that participated in the contest.

The main event of the evening was the game between the Tremont Five and the Colonials. Well, to be brief, the latter carried off first honors by winning with the score of 28 to 23. But it was won after some of the hardest work that could be seen in any other game. From the minute the ball was put in motion in the first half it was seen that both teams had their hands full. But as luck would shine on only one side, the score stood 13 to 10 in favor of the Colonials, at the close of the half. The second opened more furious than the first, but nothing could give the Tremonts the advantage over their opponents, because both teams knew their opponents' strength and skill in the game, it was hard to fool each other, so at the end of this half the score was 15 to 13—adding both halves makes a total of 28 to 23. But not to be daunted, it is said they will meet again in the future. The score shows that it was close and on both sides several sensational play s were seen.

The preliminary game between the Quiet Five and West Side Y.M. C.A. second team was a very fine game, but somewhat one-sided, as the latter team has had so much experience in the game over their younger opponents, that they won by the score of 38 to 13. But in all, both the games were much appreciated by those present and more will be heard of them before the basket-ball season is over.

Messrs. Pach and LeClercq, with their wives, and E. A. Hodgson, anticipated the opening of the Subway, by waking a trip from 103d Street to City Hall, back to 137th Street, and again to 103d Street, on Friday evening, October 21st. And on Monday, the 24th, on permits issued to Mr. Pach and Mr. Hodgson, a party of thirty-three went over the same route, going down on a local train and returning by an express train. Those composing the party were: Messrs. and Mesdames Pach, Fox, Lipgens, Souweine and Melville, Heerdt, LeClercq, Miller and daughter Bessie, Heyman, Stevens and sister, Culmer Barnes, Jr. Misses Williamson, Helburn, Mrs. Brown, Messrs. Soper, Cohen, Janik, Kohlman, Bachrach, Korngold, Hodgson.

On Tuesday evening, at five minutes after eight, Mr. Hodgson took a subway train at the City Hall, arriving at the meeting of the Guild of Silent Workers half an hour later. On his permit, all members of the Guild made the trip from 145th Street to the City Hall and return.

With visions of a splendid dinner on her mind, Miss Rachel Fenalli kept an appointment Saturday evening last with friends, who somehow had mixed the arrangements, and she was led to the home of Miss Louise Kummer, on West 133d Street. Here a pleasant surprise awaited her and twelve of her friends overwhelmed her with congratulations, reminding her that she had reached another milestone (the exact date was Monday, October 24th), and she was the recipient of several useful presents. The company at once proceeded to make merry, and the various games and pranks played caused much merriment and a right good time was had by all. At eleven o'clock a substantial luncheon was served, prepared under the direction of Miss Louise Kummer, and afterward the inner man and woman felt very much better. The birthday cake contained little tokens, and those lucky to find them in their share, attached to them the charm and significance that usually go with such things. After-dinner speeches were made by several of the guests. Those present at the happy affair were Mrs. Kummer, Misses Rachel Fenalli, Louise Kummer, Katie Ehrlich, Eunice Brewer, Mary Brewer; Messrs. Ed. Elsworth, Frederick Berger, Frederick King, Joseph Toohey, Charles Brewer, and the writer.

Interest in political affairs now commanding the attention of the American people oven extends to the deaf-mutes. Mr. W. E. Marshall, a recent graduate of Gallaudet College, Washington D. C., who is now campaigning through the State, stopped in the big cities along the Hudson during the past week, stumping for the Republican cause. His tour will include Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo and Binghamton. On November 4th, he is to make a speech in Brooklyn, the deaf-mute voters of which may do well to consult Mr. William G. Gilbert, of 1482 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.

Albert Ballin is also stumping the State, in the interests of the Democratic Party.

And on Saturday next, at 8 P.M., at Jefferson Hall, near Court Square, five speakers will address a mass meeting of the deaf of Greater New York, to which all deaf voters are invited.

Mrs. Laverty and daughter Nellie arrived at Belfast, Ireland, safely last week. They are very sad for having parted with their pet dog, "Prince."

Before the steamship, "Baltic" left its pier in this city, Mrs. Laverty and daughter walked along the gang-plank with smiles on their faces, the dog following them. But in an instant, their smiles were gone, when the captain stopped them demanding a permit for the dog.

Mrs. Laverty had no permit, and became very sad, turning the dog over to one of her friends on the pier.

Mrs. Laverty ought to have written to the Department of Agriculture, of London, England, for an application blank, and then return the blank with particulars filled in and wait receipt of permit within six months before taking the dog.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stevens, of Merchantville, N. J., arrived in New York last Saturday, for a week's stay. They visited the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, and on Sunday, after inspecting St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, were piloted to Washington Heights by Mr. Francis Nuboer.

Married, by the Rev. Dr. Chamberlian, on Saturday evening, October 22d, Mr. Alexander Smith and Miss Sarah Stein, both of Brooklyn. Their attendants were Mr. Archie McLaren and Miss Augusta Berley.

Francis W. Nuboer was a guest at "Season Opening" of Heumann's Harlem Casino, on Monday evening. There was music and vaudeville, with refreshments gratis; so no one can doubt that Mr. Nuboer had a great time.

Michael Kornblum, of Pittsburg, Pa., a former pupil of the Fanwood School, is in town for a visit. He expects to go to Boston, Philadelphia and Washington, D. C., before returning home.

Miss Grace R. McClellan, of Mountain View, N. J, spent two days in New York, with Miss Burchard, of the Fanwood School.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore A. Little, Jr., at 237 56th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., on October 24th, 1904, a beautiful daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Berner have removed from Maspeth, L. I., and are now residents of Garfield, N. J.

Helen Keller

THE AMERICAN GIRL WHO WON THE GREATEST VICTORY IN ALL HISTORY.

Perhaps you were born poor, and had to begin life without education at an age when you should have been at school ; maybe from the beginning there were responsibilities forced upon you that worked against your progress. You feel that you were handicapped in the race, and are inclined to blame fate that you are not greater, or wiser, or richer than you are.

If this is your attitude, there is a lessson for you in this week's news, wherein is narrated the story of the great honor paid to Helen Keller at St. Louis. The Exposition City is full of famous people. Great soldiers, preachers, teachers, inventors, philanthropists are there now, or have been there. The men and women of to day who have made their mark on history's page are among the visitors to the fair, but to one only was offered the tribute of having a special day set aside in her honor.

This girl was born with disadvantages beside which the handicaps that move so many men and women to self pity seem trivial and unworthy of consideration. By her own efforts and the helping hand of the most wonderful teacher in the world she broke from the prison to which it seemed she had been condemned—broke the double bars of silence and darkness, and took her place among the useful, competent men and women of her time.

The next time you feel like bemoaning your fate and cursing your luck, think of what Helen Keller met and surmounted, and BRACE UP—*N. Y. American.*

PHILADELPHIA.

The Excursion to Mauch Chunk.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

Doings Among the Catholic Deaf.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Saturday, October 22d, dawned fair and beautiful, to the delight of a small excursion party which took an early train for Mauch Chunk, the Switzerland of America, with its famous Switchback and other interesting sights. The air was probably too brisk for several who had been expected to join the excursion, but the following had no dread for pneumonia or Jack Frost, and all of them reported a very enjoyable trip: Messrs. William F. Durian, Harry G Gunkel, Ira M. Poorman, Thomas E. Jones, Geo. T. Sanders, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Wilson, and their two boys; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schreiner, and Misses Emily R. Hamilton and Alice M. Leister.

The party left the Reading Terminal at 7:30 A. M. and arrived at Mauch Chunk at about 10:30. Leaving the train they immediately made for the Switchback Station, which was reached by climbing up a steep hill from which a fine birds-eye view of the surrounding scenery was obtained. The trip up the Switchback and over its course was even more exciting and fascinating. Regarding the remainder of the trip, we have the following description by one of the party:

"We met Warren McCready at Summit Hill, the Western terminus of the Switchback Railway. He kindly showed us the burning mines, which have been burning for fifty (50) years, and also took us into one of the coal mines where we were guided about by miners with torches on their caps. Each of the party carried away pieces of coal as souvenirs of the place they had visited, which is always interesting to city people.

"Returning to Mauch Chunk by a different route over which cars run by gravity, we found time to visit the beautiful Glen Onoko, about three miles above Mauch Chunk. There we met Mrs. Abraham Richman, of Slatington, and William Williams, of Summit Hill. Mr. Sanders managed to go up a considerable distance to view the beautiful falls of the glen, of which there are several, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the Chameleon and Onoko Falls before train time for home. Everybody, including the hearing people, who passed Mr. Sanders on their return from the top, felt sure he would get left behind; but they were all agreeably mistaken when the time arrived for the train to leave.

"While waiting for the return to Mauch Chunk, some of our party amused themselves by tossing pennies and nickels to a crowd of boys. It was an interesting sight to see them scramble on the ground after the coins, and it was noticeable that there was no fighting among the youngsters in all the competition. The scene reminded Mr. Sanders of similar ones in Europe, where they are common. One day he, himself, tossed a penny and it rolled into the Thames River. A plucky boy coveted it so much that he went after it and his efforts were rewarded with finding it. Finally the train bore the party homeward all feeling well satisfied with the day's outing"

Miss Lillian Robb, whom we reported ill last week, had died on Sunday, 16th, but we did not hear of it till Tuesday evening.

A new kind of impostor (?) has been found, it seems.

DOYLESTOWN, Oct. 18.—Judge Mahlon H. Stout refused to excuse a deaf juryman yesterday. "There seems to be about a dozen deaf men in this panel," he said, and if we excuse them all we may not have enough to make up the juries. If the counsel care they can challenge them when called."—*Public Ledger.*

Mr. Rudolf Janik, the German deaf visitor to this country, was at the rooms of the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday evening.

Frankford proved too much for the Philadelphia Institute for the Deaf in Saturday's game, and rolled up 34 points in two 20-minute halves. The mutes played well in the first half and held Frankford to 5 points.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens, and the latter's sister, from Carlisle, are visiting Gotham for a week.

The property of Mr. J. M. Koehler, in Germantown, was sold by the sheriff on September 19th.

Rev. C. O. Dantzer went from All Souls' Church to Chester, to conduct a service there in the evening, last Sunday.

Remember these coming events :—Meeting of Philadelphia Local Branch, and Reading by Prof. W. G. Jones, on Saturday evening, October 29th, at Harrison Hall ; Hallowe'en Social at All Souls' Hall, on Monday evening, October 31st.

CATHOLIC ITEMS.

Sunday, September 4th.—The Mission for Catholic Deaf-Mutes, at the hall of St. Joseph's College, reopened for the first time since June, with a large attendance. Owing to the illness of Mr. Ryan, the Spiritual Director, a lecture was given by Mr. M. T. Sweeney. Miss Sands, of New York City, was a visitor.

September 18th.—Mr. Ryan's first appearance at the Mission since June eliminated much anxiety and inquisitiveness about his health by the loyal Catholics. He explained to his people the meaning of the jubilee in honor of the Immaculate Conception. Catholic people are required to make three jubilee visits to the Cathedral within the time of September 8th and December 8th. Some of our deaf have already made the three visits.

Miss Katharine Musselman, well-known in deaf circles here, had a very enjoyable vacation, at Asbury Park. Among the places she visited were the Church of St. Catharine, and the mansion of millionaire Martin Maloney, at Spring Lake. We are all glad to welcome her back home.

Mr. James Lynch visited the Laird family, on Petty's Island, Delaware River, recently.

On October 3d, our Director, Mr. Ryan, was called to Scranton, Pa., by a telegram, announcing the death of his brother. His many followers sympathize deeply with him in his bereavement.

We are glad to report that the mother of the Misses Donohue, who was recently critically ill, has almost fully recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Rourke have left Torresdale, where they passed the Summer, and returned to their home on Frankford Avenue for the winter.

Philip Gorman feels like a shorn lamb, his best suit of clothes having mysteriously disappeared from his lodging place while he was away at work.

The old De l'Epee Society was re-organized after several years of adjournment, and as the Leon Catholic Deaf-Mute Society, held its first meeting on September 30th. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Miss Jennie Donohue.
Vice-President—Joseph Mayer.
Secretary—Miss Mamie McBride.
Treasurer—Morris Lang.

Meetings will be held at the homes of the different members until a suitable hall can be found.

The object of the Society is the mental, moral, and social improvement of the members. It was revived at the request of Mr. Ryan, and will be under his supervision. All Catholic deaf are invited to join.

Deaf Man Mental Wonder

NOBLESVILLE, IND., Oct. 16.—Physicians are much interested in the condition of Harry Caldwell, near this city, who has been seriously ill for some time and for whom a guardian has been appointed.

Mr. Caldwell is a victim of stomach trouble, and attacks are followed by convulsions, replaced by a cataleptic condition which lasts from ten to fifteen minutes, during which time apparently the patient ceases to breathe and is dead to all sense of feeling.

In addition to this peculiar physical condition he has shown mental conditions out of the ordinary, among them successful demonstrations of mind reading. Numerous incidents are cited. He has told the ages of persons visiting his sick-room and to a penny the amount of money they had in their possession. He has repeated parts of conversations of persons at his bedside, although he is deaf.

A guardian was recently appointed for him, and although information of such appointment was kept secret he discovered it. He can tell the exact time of day simply by consulting an imaginary watch.

Triplets Bring Prosperity.

FRIENDS GIVE FOOD AND MONEY AND THE FATHER GETS A JOB.

When triplets were born to Mrs. Rosie Pasternach on Tuesday, in the bare room at the back of the tenement at 24 Ridge Street, New York City, she moaned at the cruelty of fate. With few clothes, little food, and no money, and with a husband sick and out of work, how was she to care for three more hungry mouths?

The same fate which put the burden on her is now making it light, for not only have friends given clothes and food and money and work for the husband, but the three little Pasternachs are now on a fair way to win fame—at least political fame.

They are two boys and a girl, and next Tuesday, when they will be named according th the Hebraic rite, at the house in Ridge Street, this city, Congressman Henry M. Goldfogle, brother of Mr. Alexander Goldfogle, will stand as godfather for one of the boys, and Assemblyman Edward Rosenstein of the Twelfth District for the other. The girl, according to the custom, will be named in the synagogue The boys will annex the names Goldfogle and Rosenstein. Among those who will attend are a good number at distinguished guests.

OHIO.

Concerning the Blind-Deaf.

A NUTTING PARTY.

The News in Brief.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

The *State Journal* of Monday published a cut of Miss Delight Rice and her class of three blind deaf and dumb pupils, with the following sketch of herself and her work :

Miss Rice is a popular Columbus girl and a graduate of the Central High school, and of the Normal school.

After graduating she was appointed a teacher in the Felton Avenue school, where her work was highly spoken of.

Being the daughter of deaf parents, Miss Rice is an expert sign maker, and having spent her whole life among the deaf, she felt she would rather teach the deaf.

A FLATTERING OFFER.

One year ago she received an offer from the Superintendent of the School for the Deaf of Delavan, Wis., to teach a deaf-blind girl, Eva Haliday.

She accepted the offer. Miss Haliday, while deaf and blind, retains her speech and readily reads by placing her hand on the lips of her teacher.

During the winter another deaf-blind child, Annie Johnson, was added to Miss Rice's class. She, like Eva Haliday, has a good vocabulary.

SECOND YEAR'S WORK.

Last June Miss Rice was re-appointed and has just entered upon her second year's work in the Wisconsin school, with a class of three deaf-blind. Minnie Dunch is a beautiful young lady, whose education is now to begin.

Miss Rice's pupils use the typewriter and Braille system, the manual alphabet and lip reading. Annie Johnson and Eva Haliday accompanied Miss Rice to the Fair at St. Louis, where they remained two weeks and saw the entire exposition through their teacher's hand.

Their delight at what they saw was wonderful for children handicapped as they are.

The United States Government building was an endless source of interest, and each day they requested to return. There are few qualified for the work Miss Rice is engaged in.

She is but 21 years of age, and in other schools, where older teachers have but one such child to teach, much interest in educational circles is centered in Miss Rice's success with a class of three deaf-blind. Miss Rice is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Merrick Rice, of St. Clair Avenue, this city.

The parents are graduates of the Ohio School for the Deaf, and Mr. Rice was a student at Gallaudet college.

They have two sons, Percy, the older, being employed as clerk with the Columbus Street Railway Company, while the younger boy, Freeman, is in Garfield Avenue School.

The fine weather of last Saturday tempted a number of pupils out into the country for nuts and apples. Two parties, one of 18 in charge of the writer, went by electric car to West Jefferson, fourteen miles distant, another of 6 by express wagon to the same place. Both came home pretty well loaded down with apples. As to nuts they were a scarce article. We have never known a year when walnuts were so lacking as this season.

Only one tree of the latter was found, and this had only a few under it.

However, the lunch supplied by Superintendent Jones and the tramp over the country more than made up for the other delinquencies in the way of enjoyment.

Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson and several lady friends visited the Institution Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Johnson was formerly Miss Mary Fowlis. She was married a couple of years ago in New York City, and since April last, had been living in Worthington, a few miles north of Columbus, unbeknown to her former friends here, who were all glad to see her back here, and surprised that she was the mother of a bright-looking child. She stated that she and her husband would soon move down to Columbus to make their home.

Messrs. Wm. R. Alexander and Wm. Seamon, of Wheeling, with the Misses Millard, of near Bridgeport, O , were visiting here Sunday, also Messrs. Paul Beugsch, and Adam Faulhaber, of Cleveland.

The little paper family, last spring, had a great deal to say anent the law passed by the Legislature last spring increasing the salaries of the male teachers three hundred dollars each. Lots of taffy was given the Legislature for the action. That was all very well—but the said teachers have not profited to the full effects of the law, though they would be very glad to do so—still half a loaf or even a little is better than none.

Superintendent Jones left for St. Louis, as stated last week, but alone, Mrs. Jones not being able to accompany him on account of the serious sickness of a pupil. Her motto is "Duty before pleasure," and in this case she sacrificed her own pleasures in order to minister and care for one of her charges That's duty nobly done.

Superintendent Jones returned Tuesday from the Conference of Superintendents and Principals, at St. Louis. He reports a successful and interesting meeting. There were forty-two enrolled active members with a like number of honorary members.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Columbus, will give a fair at the Institution on the evening of Saturday, November 26th. There will be various booths for the sale of articles, presided over by members of the Society.

Mrs. Elbert T. Redington, *nee* Maggie Robertson, died last Sunday, having been sick only a few days She was taken sick Wednesday while on a visit to relatives She was here attending the last reunion and her sudden death was a surprise to many of her old friends.

Friends here of Mr. Wm. Friend, of Braddock, Pa., were shocked to hear of the unfortunate death of his youngest son James, on the railroad track, last Monday.

Mr. Fred Koehn of St. Mary's, O., has been in the city since last September working in Hayden's Chain Factory. Mr. Thomas McGinness has been laid off from the Hayden mill all week, and does not know when work will resume. Mean while, he has been assisting in sodding about Mr Joe Leib's house which is reaching completion.

The mother of Mr. George McGowan, with his sister, recently visited him in Toledo. She has returned to Michigan to live with her daughter, as the climate is more agreeable to her and the expects to end her days there.

Oct. 22, '04. A. B. G.

Christian Unity and Deaf-Mutes.

A highly educated Chinaman has written a book on the Religions of America. From it we quote the following:—"Instead of having one united and strong Church and devoting themselves to the real duties of Christianity, these American Christians have divided irrevocably, and so lost strength and force. They are in a sense turned against themselves; and their religious colleges are graduating men to perpetuate the differences. Better it would be if all would be united, like the Confucians, and work together for the conversion of the world."

Among the many strong words in support of Christian Unity from the pens of Clergy and Laity of different religious bodies, I select the following from a Presbyterian Pastor of Cleveland: "In common with many persons of all evangelical churches, I believe the time has come for the divisions of protestant christendom to be healed. I believe the necesssity is urgent for *one* great evangelical Catholic Church. The present divisions have no justification. I believe that division more than any thing else stands in the way of a triumphant christendom. With a united Church we could sweep the world for Christ. There would not be six denominational churches in one village where one strong Church would suffice. There would be enormous savings in expenditure for missionary fields."

Very true these words of men living thousands of miles apart. The consecrated men and women laboring assiduously and faithfully in the Domestic and Foreign Mission Fields, experience daily the evil effects of a divided christendom. And the handful of Missionaries in the "silent" corner of the Lord's Vineyard have long since reached the conclusion expressed in these words. Deaf-Mutes are too few for denominational divisions." One church certainly can very well attend to their spiritual needs, at far less expense. Division, we have seen, is very expensive. At this day, business interests are merging for reasons of economy; but in the christian world division seems to be going on all the time. To use the words of Christ: "The children of the world are in their generation wiser than the children of light."

Statistics give us more than an hundred variant religious bodies in the United States. Think of all these engaged in work among a mere handful of deaf-mutes! One Church certainly is enough for them.

With the deaf divided, it is useless to talk of churches for their special use, like St. Ann's, New York; All Souls', Philadelphia; and St. Saviour's, London. Let all unite and form strong working congregations. Remember the old motto: "In union there is strength." The name of our Country;—the "*United* States of America,"—is one for divided christendom to ponder. Unity gives it a place among the strong nations of the world. No one needs to be told that division would weaken it.

Let us remember the higher reason for Christian Unity. Our Lord prayed that Christians "all may be one"; and the Apostle Paul exhorts against "divisions." He entreats the Ephesians not to be "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine." The Psalmist says: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

AUSTIN W. MANN.

CHICAGO.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

This beautiful and bracing Sabbath day has brought quite a crowd to church to see Rev. Hasenstab preach. His text was Ezekiel 18 : 32.—"For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, said the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye." Rev. Hasenstab recited two hymns inspiringly: "O Turn Ye," and "Jesus, Redeemer of Mankind." He announced from the pulpit that he would go off again for one week, ending Saturday night, October 29th, conducting services in ten towns, and return next Sunday.

There will be a grand Leap Year Ball given under the auspices of the Pas-a-Pas Club, at "Home Club" House," 6737 Wentworth Avenue, Wednesday evening, November 23d. Full particulars will be published next week.

Quin O'Brien, brother or Patrick O'Brien, is a Democratic candidate for Congress. It is believed that he will be elected.

We were surprised by the news to-day that Mr. Stevenson and Miss Gertrude Hamm had been married for some time, and live in Chicago.

Sherman Retz, of Ottawa, Ill., and John Bell, of Streator, Ill., are visitors in the city. They return home to-morrow night.

A jolly nutting party of mutes enjoyed a fast trolley trip to Glen Ellyn, about twenty miles west of Chicago, and gathered lots of nuts a week ago.

A young boarder with Miss Cora Jacoba received from her sweetheart four quarts of fresh strawberries, costing four dollars, a few days ago Cora made a delicious shortcake for them, but did not think to save a piece for the poor sweating reporter!

Otto Pauling, of Monee, Ill., who attended church to-day, wanted to hire a a good man to husk thirty acres of corn like lightning this Fall, but no one here knows how to husk corn.

Miss Lucy Streeter stopped in Chicago for one day, Monday, on her way to Freeport, Ill.

Wm. Carroll has returned here after visiting his married daughter near St. Louis for two months and secured his old job. He has grown so fat that some one might mistake him for an Alderman.

Rev. Mann writes : "Please give out that services have been appointed for the Chicago Mission. Sunday November 13th, is the date, and 11 A.M. and 3 P M. are the hours."

Father Moeller, Principal of the Catholic Day Schools for deaf-mutes in Chicago, was called to St. Louis by a telegram on Tuesday, on a account of "Helen Keller Day" at the Fair, and returned Friday.

Mrs. Hasenstab gave an informal reception on Thursday in honor of Mrs Henry Dornbush, the guests being old classmates, named Mrs. Dougherty, Mrs. Gallaher, Mrs. Codman, Mrs. Sonneborn, Mrs. Martin, Mrs Watson, Mrs. Cartter, Mrs Fraser.

Mrs. Nellie Broadway was also present, being the guest of Mrs. Gallaher

Mrs Nordyke, of La Porte, was surprised to meet an old classmate of hers, Mrs. Graham, at church last week, for the first time in forty-seven years. Mrs. Philip Emery was also an old classmate of theirs.

If you wish to have a fine time next Saturday evening, October 29th, you had better attend the Hallowe'en Party at Bauch's Pavilion, 79th Street and Bond Avenue.

S. H. HOWARD.

RAIN OR SHINE!

A Hallowe'en Pic-nic under the Gas Light will be held in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church, on Saturday evening, October 29th, at eight o'clock, for the benefit of the Guild of Silent Workers. Please remember, ladies will please bring lunch and games.

Come one, and come all.

The Committee will furnish hot coffee, etc., etc.

Admission will be fifteen cents.

THE COMMITTEE.

The Rev. A. W. Mann expects to officiate all Saints' Mission, Columbus, on Wednesday, November 9th, at 7 30 P.M. He will be at the Cleveland Mission, Grace Parish, on Thanksgiving Day, at 3 P.M. A Social, with refreshments, will follow.

The Utica *Herald-Dispatch* has a half-column announcement of the death of Sanford W. Lever, father of Joseph Lever, a deaf-mute, of Ilion, N. Y.

Mrs. John R. Becker and daughters, Annabelle and Mildred, of North Easton, N. Y., passed last week among relatives and friends in Troy and Albany.

The Weekly Gazette.

How we love the little paper, e'er so modest and so meet
As it comes its lengthy journey from the country every week;
From the good old town behind us that we left so long ago,
When the city fever becked us with its artificial glow.
Oh, the news is never startling, and the pictures are but few,
And it's crowded with stock matter, and the type is never new;
But it brings an old-time feeling as we turn it's pages o'er,
Reading here and there of neighbors, as we've often read before:—

"John Smith has gone to Meadowbrook
To see his brother Bill."
"Ike Marvin's hired the Peckham place
On top of Miller's hill,"
"Sam Barton's fixed his cider press."
"Ben Holmes has bought a cow."
"Hamp Culver's going to paint his barn."
"It's time for haying now,"

"Doc. Sanders' boy has cut his foot."
"The wells are getting dry."
"The price of eggs has dropped a cent,
But butter still is high."
"A drummer came to town to-day."
"Bill Brown has sold his mare."
"Ice cream at Baker's corner store,
It's cooling to be there."

Yes, we love the little paper, it's brimming full of news,
And we tear the pasted wrapper—we're so eager to peruse;
And we settle by the fireside while the world goes rushing on,
And devote an hour to reading, which is all too quickly gone,
And we look across the distance from the city to the town,
And we sigh and brush a tear drop as we lay the paper down;
For we're carried back to school days, and in good old days of yore,
When we read these simple items, as we've often read before:—

"The band will meet on Friday night."
"Dick Wade is out again."
"Lem Wallace sold his sorrel horse
And team to Enoch Lane."
"Will Miner's passing round cigars—
A bouncing boy, they say."
"Dot Clarke has got the chicken pox."
"The schools all close to-day."

"Sim Haines is going to build an ell."
"Church festival to-night."
"The summer boarders have arrived,
The town is lively quite."
"A parcel lost on Miller's hill,
Finder please leave it here."
"Subscribe for "The Weekly Gazette."
One dollar for the year."

—JOE CONE.

FANWOOD.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The first monthly reunion was held on Saturday, October 22d, under the auspices of the Fanwood Literary Association, in the boys' and girls' sitting rooms. The committee that superintended the affair were Vernon Birck and Mary Tanzas, assisted by Misses Lewis. Gregroy and Robie. Various games amused the pupils, and the lanciers and two step formed the dancing programme. The older pupils were occupied in the mazes of Terpsichore, while the younger ones enjoyed themselves with games of all sorts. Credit is due to the teachers who helped to make the affair a success.

The first basketball game of the season was played on the court in the boys yard, on last Saturday afternoon, between our Midgets and the Champions of Public School No. 160, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for us, being the score of 31 to 13. The line up was as follows:

FANWOOD MIDGETS	POS.	BROWNIES
J. Lovitch, Capt.	L. F.	Moscovitz
F. Nimmo	R. F.	Fenster
Travers or Griffith	C.	Direrder
Maxwell	L. G.	Bromberg
Gompers	R. G.	Samuels

FANWOOD MIDGETS—Goals: Lovitch 6, Nimmo 3, Travers 2, Griffith 2, Maxwell 2. BROWNIES—Fenster 3, Direrder 1, Bromberg 1. Foul goals: Travers and Bromberg. Halves, fifteen minutes. Referee, Mr. T. G. Cook. Timekeeper, M. Rosenberg.

The fierce storm that set the wind blowing at forty miles an hour worked havoc on the grounds here. Fences were blown down, trees uprooted, and there was a cave in of earth on the boys' yard.

Prof. W. G. Jones will give a reading of "Louis XI," before the Philadephia Local Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, on Saturday evening, the 29th.

Mr. Winifred Marshall, a graduate of Gallaudet College, was a caller at the JOURNAL office on Wednesday, the 19th.

Miss Elizabeth McEntee has been appointed to fill the position as assistant housekeeper.

Electricity has one of its enthusiasts here. Cadet Eddie Ohland is the latest to follow in the footsteps of Henry Droppe, our former electrical wizard, and may be seen anywhere in making electrical apparatus as a pastime.

Captain Vernon Birck and First Sergeant Samuel Cohen went to the Eden Musee on Saturday last

The boys were measured for their new winter uniforms last week.

Cadet Max Lubin was called home last Friday, to attend the confirmation of his cousin, Master S. Corn. He returned to school Monday, and says he had a jolly time there.

S. C.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S.

Religious instructions and services are conducted every Sunday afternoon, in the chapel of St. Francis Xavier's College, 30 West 16th Street. New York, under the direction of the Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's College Hall: Religious services at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of every month, under the direction of Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

BINGHAMTON.

Binghamton is the most beautiful place in the United States except the place you live in. It would be all right for you to stand by your town, but if you do not happen to think you live on the sightliest spot on the map, try Binghamton.

The roads leading to Binghamton are: the old Erie, from Chicago and New York; the Delaware and Hudson, from Scranton, Albany and Montreal; and the Lackawanna, from New York, which is the trail Pearl Snow takes when she goes to Buffalo.

Nestled snugly between the hills on either side of the famous Susquehanna Valley, Binghamton seems to make a business of being beautiful, and her success in this direction is attested by the many thousands of people who come here on Sunday excursions every summer.

Folks all over the land have come to speak of Binghamton in low, reverential tones, as the "Parlor City," and they wipe their feet on the mat before entering.

With the possible exception of Lancaster, Pa., more cigars are made in Binghamton than any other American city. The largest shoe factory in the world is here. A free public library building of imposing exterior and inviting interior, has just been dedicated, wherein you could find almost anything you might wish to read. Two handsome skyscraper office buildings are now nearly completed. They give the little city a metropolitan aspect. One is built by an insurance company that has its central offices here, and the other is put up by the *Binghamton Press*, a lively six-months old afternoon newspaper that seems to go into the hands of every one a hundred miles around.

The deaf of Binghamton number about twenty-five, and so far as this winter is informed, all are well employed and satisfied with life.

Mr. Frederick Hamilton King, who graduated from Fanwood early in the seventies, and was a supervisor in the same institution late in the eighties, has been here the past sixteen years. He holds the responsible position of stock sorter in the big shoe factory previously mentioned. His wife will be pleasantly remembered by many ex-Fanwoodites as Miss Katie Kilroy. Their six-years-old boy, Hamilton Dewey King, is now attending the public schools. He inheirits most of his father's admirable traits—a chip of the old block. A few weeks ago Mr. King received a visit from one of his brothers, who lives in the far west and who has traveled extensively. After the westerner had viewed the sights in town he laid his hand on his brother's shoulder and said: "Fred, you stay here in Binghamton while you can. It's the nicest town I've ever seen."

Several other deaf people work in the Johnson-Endicott Company's shoe factory, among whom are Messrs. Henry O' Hara, formerly of Philadephia; Henry Coe, from Rochester, and Bertie Tillbury, of Union, N. Y., who works in the Company's printing plant. Mr. Tillbury recently took unto himself a wife, Miss Florence Riley, of Rochester. They are now keeping house in Leicestershire, a suburb of Binghamton.

Miss Margaret Schwab, recently a pupil at Fanwood, is now under the tutelage of a governess.

Mr. William Donohue, who graduated from Fanwood eighteen years ago, has almost always been at work in one of the many cigar factories here. Last week he took a trip to Buffalo to see his cousins. When he traveled back home through a long, chilly night, he wished he had thought of getting a Buffalo robe.

Frank Houck came to town last week and went to work in the *Press* office.

A ten-and-a-half pound girl baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Lynch, Friday of last week.

Mr. John Colgan, from Philadelphia, works in a cigar factory too. About a decade ago he married Miss Augusta Haskins, a graduate of the Edgewood, Pa., Institution. Last summer they moved from here to Boston, but after trying it a month, decided that there was no place like Binghamton after all, and returned to the Parlor City. They have since been getting along splendidly.

Miss Edith Gray, a former pupil of the Fanwood school, compels many a nimble dollar to come her way by sewing fine seams in Moody & Hirschman's pants factory.

Mr. Solomon H. Winne, of New York, blew into town one day recently and met some of his old-time New York acquaintances, who accompanied him on a drive to Lake Lily. All had a jolly time.

Mr. Frank Morgan makes cigars here. He attended the Fanwood School.

Mrs. Michael McMahon recently returned from a visit in Saginaw City, Mich. She thinks of going there to live after a while.

Mr. George Boerst came from Chicago a short time ago, and secured a good job in a wire factory. He took a hand doing some of the ornamental construction work in one of the skyscraper buildings here. He expects soon to go to New York, and work for the same Company that now employs him. He is quite well known among the deaf of Gotham.

REUBEN RUBBERNECK.

An Interesting Sketch of a Deaf Man.

Norman V. Lewis, deaf mute, printer, collector and floriculturist, lives at 2225 Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles.

To the average caller, who is admitted to the well-kept reception room, the Lewis home is just like that of any other "comfortably circumstanced" resident.

But to those who are privileged to roam at will through house, workshop and garden, the place is a veritable trophy ground.

It is a haven of quiet. Stillness pervades every nook and cranny.

The absence of confusion, the air of restfulness and the atmosphere of content are the first impressions of one who crosses the threshold.

But this cosy two-story house is more than an ideal home. It shelters one of the most complete typesetting and printing establishments in the city.

Living room, kitchen, china closet and screen porch, each represents a distinctive feature of the apparatus by which this man earns a competent livelihood.

The printing outfit is valued by its owner at about $2000. Beside job-work and the printing of calling and business cards, Mr. Lewis is printer and publisher of the *Church Messenger* for the Episcopal diocese of Los Angeles. Every department of the work is done within the home by the silent operator Mr. Lewis is one of the foremost scholars and business men in the deaf-mute world, and his history is interesting and unique. Born at Toronto, Canada, in 1852, he lived, laughed and listened as other children do. But at the age of 4, through the effect of scarlet fever, the world ceased speaking to him through sounds and communication by speech was forever cut off from him. He was a deaf-mute.

But such are the resources of the human mind that, deprived of two of the most necessary means with which to live and learn, the child developed his sense of sight to the utmost.

While still quite young, he was sent to the pioneer school for the Deaf in Toronto, then conducted by J. B. McGann. Later he studied at Hamilton, Ontario, receiving altogether four years' instruction.

At the age of 13, when many children are just commencing to learn, he was apprenticed to the Toronto *Daily Globe* to learn the printer's trade. His capabilities proved to be more than equal to the demand, and later he removed to Detroit, to follow the same pursuit on his own responsibility.

During his residence in Toronto he published the *Silent Nation for the Deaf*.

About 1886, after having made an enviable record for himself in the printing world, Mr. Lewis sought California sunshine for the benefit of a fragile wife.

For several years he worked successfully in job printing establishments and on magazine work, and in 1898 commenced business for himself.

Since then the home has been purchased and many improvements to the work-shop completed.

Mr. Lewis is an active member of St. John's Church, and much of his business comes from men and women of the local diocese.

Aside from success in business, the deaf-mute is a man of hobbies. Flowers are one of them, and he devotes the few spare hours of a happy life to his little back-yard Eden.

In it grow the rarest hybrids of the fuchia, many colored carnations, ferns, lilies, roses and geraniums.

Leading from the kitchen doorstep through a tree-shadowed pathway, the silent host eagerly pilots an interested guest down through the garden to his printing annex, where everything is as spotlessly clean and orderly as within doors.

Back past the flowering shrubbery and into the pleasant living room. It seems only a step from forms of type to varieties of coin.

Mr. Lewis is a collector. And they who are half intent upon learning the possibilities of a deaf-mute's life learn quickly that this wonderful man is not only a first-class printer, flower culturist and coin gatherer, but the possessor of one of the rarest stamp and badge collections in the country.

Though the silent printer has not smoked for many years, he delights to show his friends a great assortment of pipes, cigar and cigarette holders—meerschaums—which he fondly cherishes, and at the same time, to tell on paper past feats at record smoking. He smilingly announces that it was no uncommon thing for him to smoke 10 cigars in a day, as well as several pipes.

Fifty-two years old, with a remunerative business at his finger's ends; a father and mother, 80 and 75 respectively, living in Pasadena, and a gentle wife to keep him company, Mr. Lewis, the deaf-mute, is one of the busiest, happiest men in Los Angeles. The loss of hearing and the power of speech which many might be led to believe an affliction, when viewed in the light of all this man has and is accomplishing, seems rather to be a special blessing.

The business at 2225 Vermont Avenue has grown to such proportions that the proprietor has decided to erect a building on his own ground at the rear of the house especally for his work.—*Los Angeles paper.*

The Wonders of Magazine-Making.

In the United States there are today two thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight monthly magazines.

About fifty million are sold every month.

The advertisments amount to about thirty million dollars a year.

The sales amount to seventy-five million dollars.

In one year the average American family buys forty magazines.

The paper used to print these magazines weighs one hundred and twenty-five million pounds.

About forty thousand people are professional magazine-makers.

Nearly two hundred thousand people are supported by the magazine business.

Such is the fairy-tale of American progress in the line of magazine-making. All the daily and weekly papers of Asia scarcely equal the monthly magazines of this country. To compare the United States with Europe, our magazines equal the number of newspapers in Russia, Spain, Greece, Belgium and Holland combined.

It is not possible to realize what the above figures mean without making a few comparisons. The magazine business has become so enormous that its statistics convey no clear idea to our minds. We must call in the aid of imagination and transform the figures into pictures.

We all know, for instance, that Minneapolis is a large city. There are only eighteen American cities that are larger. Yet if all the people who make magazines were to move to one spot, they would make a city as large as Minneapolis. There are eight States or Territories that have a smaller population than the proud city of Magazinia would have.

This city of Magazinia would also have a yearly income equal to the combined revenues of Denmark, Roumania, Norway and Greece. Four European kingdoms—with a total population of over thirteen millon, with courts and armies and navies, with hundreds of tax-gatherers squeezing millions from the people—obtained less money last year than the people of the United States paid for magazines. Is its any wonder that the Citizens Magazinia feel proud of their achivements?

Six hundred million magazines a year! The total weight of these magazines is sixty-two thousand five hundred tons.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

COME ONE! COME!!

A

Grand Reception

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REV. DR. J. CHAMBERLAIN,
General Manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

On the 32d Anniversary of the Mission, in in the Guild Room of St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, under the auspices of the

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Thursday Evening, Nov. 17 1904

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

Refreshments will be served.

Admission, 25 cents.

WM. G. GILBERT,
GEO. LINDEMANN,
WM. A. MOORE,
Committee.

TO THE PUBLIC

A three days' Fair will be held in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 15th, 16th and 17th, from three to ten-thirty P.M. As you will see from the dates, the Fair will be held about one week before Christmas. The Board of Managers wish to announce that they are ready to receive donations of money and goods to furnish the various tables, and we hope to have a large and varied assortment of goods, suitable for Christmas gifts, and for general utility.

Visitors would confer a great favor on us by looking at our stock before making purchases of gifts for their relatives and friends. They will be sure to find something to satisfy themselves that could not be duplicated at any large store in the city.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes is doing valuable work among the deaf of this city and vicinity. It needs money to make some needed improvements and to assist in carrying on the good work. Come forward with donations of money or goods to help make the Fair a success.

Donations should be addressed to the Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., 587 West 145th Street, New York City.

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.

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St. Ann's Church

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THREE DAYS' FAIR

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY
DECEMBER 15, 16, 17, 1904

[Particulars Later.]

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NEW AUDITORIUM

81 Orange Street Near Broad Street

Newark, N. J.

Admission, - - - - 25 cents

The best way to reach the hall is to take the Ninth Avenue Elevated Railroad, New York, to Christopher of Barclay Streets Ferries for Hoboken, N. J., thence take the D. L. & W. R. R. train for Newark, and get off at Broad Street Station, then walk one minute to the hall, which is opposite the station. Round trip fare, 25 cents.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the *old school*, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crouter, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x32 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the *finest ever published*, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 6x9½ inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A *marked* sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or $1.00 per *baker's dozen.*

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to $2.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

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January 1, 1901	29,550
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July 1, 1902	39,175
January 1, 1903	40,425
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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about $30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

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